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1502/89.

A NEW

Historical, Political, Satyrical,

# Burlesque O D E,

ON THAT MOST

Famous EXPEDITION, of all EXPEDITIONS,

Commonly called, The GRAND

# Secret Expedition,

As it was P E R F O R M E D

By the A U T H O R,

At a late H I G H B O R L A C E.

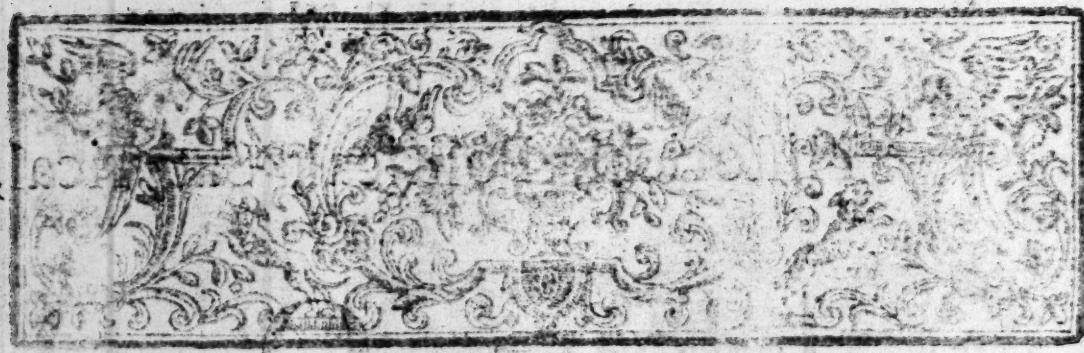


L O N D O N:

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ГИОСТИДИСКИЙ СОЛОН СЕКРЕТ



СЕКРЕТНАЯ ИЗДАНИЯ

СОЛОН

СЕКРЕТ

САМОДЕРЖАВИЯ

СОЛОН СЕКРЕТНАЯ ИЗДАНИЯ

СОЛОН СЕКРЕТ

СЕКРЕТ



# O D E

On the GRAND

## SECRET EXPEDITION.

### RECITATIVE.

**N** O more let Fame disturb our Ears,  
With *British* Feats in antient Wars;  
I sing, ye *Britons*, join the Lay,  
The Glories of a *Modern Day*:  
Thy Trump, O Fame, in Repetition,  
Shall found the SECRET EXPEDITION.

Tune, *What is greater Joy and Pleasure, &c.*  
Come and listen to the Dity,  
All ye Friends of *Britain* bold;  
Foreign Nations lend your Pity,  
As we've often lent you Gold,  
Do not scoff our sad Condition,  
Nor indulge your little Spite,  
For the SECRET EXPEDITION,  
Once so *dark*, is come to *light*.

*There*

*There was an old Woman liv'd on the Moor.*

Now it was in the Month of *June or July*,  
 Seventeen Hundred and Fifty Seven;  
 A Scheme was adjusted duly and truly,  
 And Orders to fit out a Fleet were given.

*Tol, tol, tol.*

This Fleet was so large, so fine and so brave,  
 To frighten all *France* it was their Intention;  
 Which they might have done, I'll bett two to one,  
 Had'nt it been for a d—d C—nv—t—n.

*Tol, tol, tol.*

*Chevy Chace.*

How this C—nv—t—n came about,

Attend and you shall hear;  
 And soon you'll smell the Humbug out.  
 A Humbug 'twill appear.

*Kitty beautiful and young.*

There was an old Man had a House,  
 A very fine House had he;  
 As fine a Place as ever was,  
 Or is in G—y.

Some scurvy *Frenchmen* came that Way,  
 Who full of Wrath and Ire;  
 Declared they'd plunder all his Land,  
 And set his *House* on Fire.

*Chevy Chace.*

This old Man he had sent his Son,  
 A mighty Man of War;  
 To thrash the Rascals ev'ry one,  
 But, ah! he did not dare.

*Ally.*

Now this Hero they valued, not off a Pin, Sir, it wou'd  
 They soon found out Means, for to block him in, Sir;  
 Then strait they began, for to bluffer and vapour, &c. A  
 Which frightened the Hero, to put Pen to Paper:

Alarm'd with Fear and Apprehension,

He sign'd the *H—r C—nv—t—n.*

At *Lantavre*, *Our pless burgh* o T  
 Ah ! what cou'd he do in this pityful Plight,  
 'Twas now, Sirs, in vain for to run or to fight;  
 When his Father's fine House was posses'd by a Stranger,  
 Don't you think, my Good Friends, it was greatly in  
 Danger ?

Oh ! the House of his Father, his Father's fine House,  
 That a Million *per Year* out of *E—d* did chouse,  
 And made the *lean Briton* sh—t small as a Mouse;  
 Pray was it not, look you, a plentyful House.

### R E C I T A T I V E.

*Britannia* now aghast ! beheld her Fate,  
 But as the Duce wou'd have it — 'twas too late !  
 For, ah ! the Fleet so lately fitted out,  
 To scour *Rochelle*, and all the *Coast* about,  
 Now found themselves too weak, the *French* too stout.

*A Cobler there was, &c.*

But the Truth of this Weakness is easily guest at,  
 And may serve very well for all *Europe* to jest at;  
 Strait a Sloop was dispatch'd for to call back the Fleet,  
 For Fear they shou'd stay — till they'd Nothing to eat.

*Then* *Derry down.*

Then away they turn'd back in devilish Hurry,  
 Which put the rough Tars in a Rage and a Fury;  
 And while we were dreaming at Home, 'Sblood and Ounds!  
 They all arrived *safe* and *secure* in the Downs.

*Derry down.*

What a Joy must it be to a Nation, like *Britain*,  
 To see such a Fleet *safe return'd* and *unbeaten*;  
 What less can be done on so GREAT AN OCCASION,  
 Than a DAY of THANKSGIVING and Joy through the NATION.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

THE END

